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Roxburgh £1.2.
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A
CONTENTION
FOR
HONOUR
AND
RICHES.

By J. S. *Ward*

— ubi quid datur oti,
illudo chartis. —



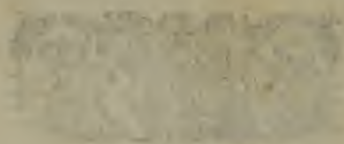
LONDON,
Printed by E. A. for William Cooke, and are to be sold
at his shop neere Furnivals Inne gate in
Holborne. 1633.

COMMISSION

FOR
HONOR

149.602

May, 1873



LONDON

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1873.



TO
THE RIGHT VVORSHIP,
full and his honoured friend,
EDVVARD GOLDING of Colston in
Nottingham-shire Esquire.



Here there is a will to be gratefull, the acknowledgement supplies the defect of action, reddic enim beneficium qui libenter debet. Although this hold no force in the common and municipall lawes, where men doe no benefit, before they account to receive; it is allowed a Canon in moralitie, where many good deeds are to be lost, that wee may place one well. No man can dye in debt, that hath an honest remembrance of his obligation, since death is to bee reckoned from the first day of our ingratitude. In this confidence I appeare, and being neither guilty of desert, or power to reward, I must present the memory of your owne act and vertue to pay your selfe.

That which waiteth upon my thanks, is this handfull of paper imaginations, though below your
A ; study,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*study, not beneath your vertue to accept, and smile upon; they were meant for innocent mirth, and can bee no prejudice, if they onely serve to set off your Nobler Contemplations. Read when you will dis-
spence with halfe an houre, and continue your fa-
vour to him, whose ambition is to write himselfe*

Your Servant,

James Shirley.

The Speakers

Ingenious a Scholar.

Country.

Soldier.

Old a Country man.

Gettysburg a Citizen.

Woman.

Honour.

Riches.

Man.

Flour.

Wheat.

Long.

Early a country man.

The Speakers:

Ingenuity a Scholler.

Courtier.

Soldier.

Clod a Country-man.

Gettings a Citizen.

Women.

Honour.

Riches.

Mutes.

Honesty.

No-pay.

Long-vacation.

Foule-weather-in-harvest.



A
CONTENTION
FOR HONOR
AND RICHES.

Enter Riches, and Ingenuity a Scholler.

Jng. MY Lady desires to speake with you.

Ric. Your Lady? who's your Lady?

Ing. The Lady Honor.

Rich. Let Honor come to Riches, it will not
Disparage her, my friend.

Jng. She is not well.

Ri. Honor is seldom sound, what ailes her Ladi-ship?

Ing. She had a fall lately.

Ric. A fall?

Ing. And spraind

Her foot.

Ric. Teach her to clime; shee's so ambitious.

In. Please you to do her the favour, she will waite
Vpon your Ladi-ship another time.

A Contention

Ric. I cannot come.

Ing. Good Madam.

Ric. I ha the goute.

Ing. You may command a Coach.

Ric. Riches I know

May command any thing, but I doe not use
To come to every one desires my company :
Beside, my servants are abroad, and it
Becomes me not to goe so unattended.

Ing. I shall be fortunate, if you accept
My service.

Ric. Is that state enough for me ?
Although it be in fashion with your Lord,
To amble with his foot man and Page,
I use to have more followers.

Ing. Great Ladies
Have no such traine, many are held superfluous,
The Gentleman Visier now a dayes is thought
Sufficient for a Countesse, nay, for two
Take him by turnes, & yet he may be courteous
To the waiting Gentlewoman.

Ric. You assume, me thinkes,
Much liberty in talking, wha'ts your name?

In. They which know me, call me *Ingenuity*.

Ric. *Ingenuity* ?

Out upon ! thee I suspect,

You

for Honor and Riches.

Your are a Scholler.

Ing. I have studied Arts.

Ri. Defend me from his witchcraft had thy Mistris :
None but a Scholler to employ upon
Her complements to me, one whose profession
I hate, whose memory is my diseale,
And conversation death? how ranck he smells
Of *Aristotle*, and the musty Tribe
Of worme-eaten Philosophers? get from me,
I will endure the Beares, and their provision,
Lie in an Hospitall, or French-footmen, feed
With prisoners, or be rack'd at *Westminster*,
Nay, die, & make poore orphants my Executors,
Ere be confind to heare thy learned nonsense.

Ing. Why should you be such enemy to Schollers?
They waste *Minervaes* precious dew, their sweat,
To gaine your favour, and would thinke themselves
Blest, when your golden beames but shine upon 'em.

Ric. Tis not your flattery can win upon me.
Goe, and declame against me, good *Diogenes*,
Admire a vertuous poverty, and nakednesse,
Call Fortune whore, and write whole volumes in
The praise of hunger and your lowsie wardrobe,
Yes, teach the world, *Riches* is growne a monster,
And that she dotes on ignorance: these are.
Your vulgar doctrines, and I pray pursue 'em,

A Contention

My most immortall begger, and get fame
With some twice sodden pamphlet, till you make
Submission to my foole, in hope of the
Reversion of his Groomes bare livery:
Your Theses, and your Syllogismes, will
No doubt convert the Beadle, and the dog-whip.

Ing. Be pleas'd to heare me speake——

Ric. What impudence

Does this appeare, you should desire that favour?
Have I not given testimony to the world
Sufficiently, I doe not love a Scholler?

Ing. Indure me for my Mistresse Lady Honor.

Ric. I wonder what she meant to entertain thee!

Away, dispute no further, if you move me
To more impatience, *Riches* will finde wayes
To curbe your insolence: tis not your pretence
To *Honors* service, can protect you from
My anger, I have kindred, and acquaintance
Shall with their breath blowv thee beyond the Sea;
Or if I should be mercifull, and let thee
Injoy thy Country, never hope to arrive at
Above a pension, that will find you woollen
A Pedant, or a Vicaridge preferment,
Gelded sufficiently by the improper Parson,
Is all your wit must hope for; and take heed
That you be modest then; no coate, nor Cassocke

for Honor and Riches.

Can charme you: if I offer to complaine,
I shall put your Divinity to silence.

Ing. I despise
Thy womanish threats, and shall account my selfe
Happy without thy favour. O Philosophy,
Assist thy poore admirer, and infuse
A noble fortitude to scorne her malice:
I have no thought, but has a triumph 'ore
Thy base conspiracy. Welcome my deare Bookes,
And contemplation, that shall feed my soule
To immortality: let Puppets dote
Vpon thy gifts, and sell their priuiledge,
For gaudy clothes and Epicurean surfets,
Lust, and a Catalogue of Rich mens sinnes,
That shall like plummetts hang upon their heart:
When wings are most required, keepe thy resolve,
And be an enemy to Learning still,
That when we find a Scholler, by thee favord,
We may suspect him counterfeit and a dunce.
Honor will be my Mistris, whose least smile
I value above all thy pride, or treasures,
And she will scorne thee too. Farewell, gay Madam,
A painted tombe! though glorious to the eye.
Corruption dwells within thee. *Exit.*

Ric. Foule mouth Satyre,
But tis some punishment to let him waste

A Contention

His spirits with his railing, let him fret,
It may consume him without more diseases,
Let him die any way, men of his quality
Are living but unprofitable burdens
To the earth, as they were borne to consume fruits,
And talke of needlesse Sciences. Who are these?
My ancient sutors, *Clod* the Country-man,
And *Gettings* the rich Citizen?

Enter Clod and Gettings.

Get. She'es here.

Good morrow to the star of my delight,
Whose beames more glorious doe eclipse the Sunne,
And cast a richer warm'th about the world.

Ric. How? turn'd Poet?

Get. Feare me not, Lady,
I am none of those were borne too't, I had rather
Be a Jew then christned in *Parnassus* Pompe,
I have nothing but the knuckles and the rumpes
Of Poetry.

Ric. Take heed in time, lest you become infected
With wit, I doe not love poeticke fancies,
Nor any thing that trenches on the Muses,
They were baggages, and *Phæbus* their protector,
Deserv'd the whipping post.

Get. I have-read, he was
A common Piper, and those Nine were Gipsies,
That

for Honor and Riches.

That liv'd by cheating Palmistry.

Ric. I like it,

When you doe raile at Learning, I allow you
To read a Ballad, and ridiculous Pamphlets,
Writ on the strength of Beere, or some dull liquor:
But if you smell profane Sacke in a Poeme,
Come not within a league of understanding,
As you respect my favour.

Get. I am instructed.

Ric. But why does *Clod* stand all this while so
mute?

Clod. Either I am *John a Noakes*, or I am not *John
a Noakes*.

Ric. Hee's dreaming of his horses.

Clod. Gee, sweete Lady, I am all to be mired in
your beauty, the horses of my imagination are found-
ered in the high-way of your perfections, for I am
deepe in love with your Lady-ship, though I doe not
weare such fine clothes as Master *Gettings* here, and
so much out of fashon: for if I commend my dou-
blet, I must speake fustian, yet my heart is cut and
flash'd, and I desie any man that has a better stomack
to youi n the way of Matrimony.

Get. No comparison, Master *Clod*.

Clod. Let him be odious, that names comparison,
for my part, I scorne 'em all and the degrees.

Get. Y'are

A Contention

Get. Y^e are very positive.

Clod. Dost thou positive me? And my Mistresse were not here, thou shouldest find *Clod* is made of an other gesse mold, then to endure thy affronts.

Ric. And you quarrell, I am gone.

Ge. Nay, nay, sweet Lady we shall be friends agen.

Ric. I hope it wonot stretch to a duell. *Exit.*

Get. Duell? You wonot provoke me, *Clod*,
Will you? if you doe, *Clod.*

Clod. I will provoke any man living in the way of love.

Get. How?

Clod. He that shall goe a wooing to my Mistris, I will provoke him, and he were my father.

Get. Y^e are a durty fellow, *Clod*, and if I had met thee that yeere I was Scavenger, I would have had thee carted.

Clod. Mee carted, Cart thy Bawdes, there bee enow within the walls, do'tt tell me of a Scavenger? a fart for thy office, I am a better man in the country then the Constable himselfe, and doe tell thee to thy face, though I am plaine *Clod*, I care not a beane-stalke for the best What lacke you on you all, no not the next day after *Simon* and *Jude*; when you goe a feasting to Westminster with your Gallysoist and your pot-guns, to the very terror of the Paper-whales, when

for Honor and Riches.

when you land in shoales, and make the understanders in Cheapside, wonder to see ships swimme upon mens shoulders, when the Fencers flourish, and make the Kings liege people fall downe and Worship the Devill and Saint *Dunstan*, when your whiffles are hangd in chaines, and *Hercules* Club spits fire about the Pageants, though the poore children catch cold, that shew like painted cloth, and are onely kept alive with sugar plummes, with whom, when the word is given, you march to Guild-hall, with every man his spoone in his pocket, where you looke upon the Giants, and feed like Sarazens, till you have no stomacke to *Pauls* in the afternoone: I have seene your Processions, and heard your Lions and Camels make speeches, in stead of Grace before and after dinner: I have heard songs too, or something like e'm: but the Porters have had the burden, who were kept sober at the City charge, two dayes before, to keepe time and tune with their feet, for bragge what you will of your charge, all your pompe lies upon their backe.

Get. So, so.

Clo. Must this dayes pride so blow you up, that a Country-mans tale may not be heard?

Get. That dayes pride?

Clo. Or what ist make you Gamboll so?

A Contention

Get. Why, anger ha's made you witty Country-man.

Clo. Thou lyeſt, and I am none of thy Country-man, I was borne out of the ſound of your Pancake-bell, I cannot abide to ſee a proud fellow: and it were not for us in the Country, you would have but a leane City, wee maintaine your Charter, and your Chamber too, you would ha but ill markets, and we ſhould forſweare to furniſh e'm, where were your hides, hornes and plenty of other proviſion? your, wives could not doe as they doe, with your ſhort yard and your falſe light, and the Country ſhould not come in upon them. Come, you cannot live without us, you may be cald a body Politicke, but the Country is the ſoule, and therefore ſubſcribe and give way to me.

Get. The high-way, but not the wall in *London*, doe you know where you are, and what you have talk't all this while? an Informer would ſqueeze your truncke hoſe for this, and teach you to know your Termes and your Attornies.

Clo. Ile have as good Law for my money, as the beſt on you, I know what belongs to't, I have almoſt broke the Parſon of the Pariſh already, about his Tithes-egges.

Get. Why, thou lumpe of ignorance, leather and
husban-

A Contention

husbandry ill compounded, thou that hast beene so long a dung-hill, till the weedes have overgrowne thee, and a farre off hast cozend a horse, thou that dost whistle out thy prayers, and wo-not change thy durty soyle, for so many acres in Paradise, nor leave thy share o'the plough, for Saint *Peters* patrimony, thou that were begot upon a hay-mow, bred in thy fathers stable, and out-dung'd his Cat-tell, thou, that at one and twenty, wert onely able to write a sheeps marke in Tarre, and read thy owne capitall letter, like a gallous upon a coves buttocke; you that allow no Scripture Canonically, but an Almanacke, which makes you weather-wise, and puts you in hope of a deare yeere: let the Country starve, and the poore grind provender, so the market rise: let your soule fall to the Devill among the Corne-cutters, I am ashamed to hold discourse any longer with thee; onely one word, I would advise you to let your action of love fall, and be content to marry with *Malkin*, in the Country, shee can churme well, and humble her selfe behind a hedge, for this Lady is no lettice for your lips, goe, goe, meddle with your jades, and exercise a whip, among your bread and cheese eaters.

Clo. Sirra Cit, I doe challenge thee.

Get. What weapon?

A Contention

Clo. The next Cutler shall furnish us both, if thou hast any metall, let us try before we part, who is the better man.

Get. If thou hast any ambition to be beaten to dust, *Clod*, thanke your selfe.

Clo. I will slash thy skin like a Summer doublet, come thy wayes.

Enter a Courtier and a Souldier courting. Honor.

Ingenuity.

Cour. Looke this way, Lady, and in me behold Your truest servant.

Sol. Tis but aery Court-ship
That he professes, looke upon me, Lady,
That can be active in your service.

Ing. Tis
The *Courtier* and the *Souldier*, pleading their
Affection to my mistresse Lady *Honor*,
I wo' not interrupt them yet; I cannot
Find by her countenance that she enclines to either.

Co. Blesse me but with one smile, if you did know
With what devotion my soule looks on you,
How next to my religion I have placed,
If not above it, your bright excellence,
How long since I first vowed my selfe your captive,
That eye would daine some influence.

Sol. I have

for Honor and Riches.

No stocke of soft and melting words to charm you,
Such silken language we are strangers to,
We are us'd to other Dialect, and imitate the Drum,
Bold Artillery: can you love me?
When I have marched upon the dreadfull Cannon,
My heart was fixt on *Honor*, nor could death
In all her shapes of horror, tempt one thought
To base retire, when no voyce could be heard,
But thunder, and no object seene but lightning,
Which seem'd to have bin struck frō the first Chaos,
So great a darkenesse had eclips'd the Sunne,
Yet then I thought on *Honor*, and lookt in
Their lives that funke about me, every body
I trod upon, (for now the dead had buried:
The earth) gave me addition to heaven,
Where, in my imagination I saw
Thee charioted, and dropping downe a Garland.

Ho. No more, these are but complements of wars,
Perhaps some studied speech: I love your quality,
But am not taught with these Hyperbole's;
Honor's not won with words, true valour needs
No paint of ostentation, the wound
That has the greatest orifice includes not
The greatest danger.

Ing. She has quash'd his Culvering,
And now he's swearing out some prayers.

A Contention

Cour. Shee's mine.

Thus lookt the moone, when with her virgin fires
She went in progresse to the mountaine *Latmos*,
To visit her *Endimion*, yet I injure
Your beauty, to compare it to her orbe
Of silver light, the Sun from which, she borrowes
That makes her up the nightly Lamp of heaven,
Has in his stock of beams not halfe your luster,
Enrich the earth still with your sacred presence,
Vpon each object throw a glorious starre,
Created by your sight, that when the learn'd
Astronomer comes forth to examine heaven,
He may find two, and be himselfe devided,
Which he should first contemplate.

Ho. You both love me.

Cour. But I the best.

Sol. How fir, the best?

Cou. Ere since I knew the Court,
I had no other study but to advance
My selfe to *Honor*, all my suites have beene
Directed to this one, that *Honor* would
Fixe me among those other Constellations
That shine about the King, tis in thy love
To plant a Coronet here : and then I dare
Iustle the proudest Heroe and be inscrib'd
A demy-god, frowne dead the humble mortall,

And

for Honor and Riches.

And with my breath call backe their soules agen.
What cannot *Honor* doe?

Ho. Not that you boast.
True *Honor* makes not proud, not takes delight
P^th ruine of poore vertue.

So. Sir, you said you lov'd her best.

Co. And will maintaine it.

So. You cannot, dare not.

Co. Dare not?

Ho. So peremptory, *Honor* may in time
Find wayes to tame the insolent Lady *Riches*,
But leave her to her pride.

Ing. The Courtier, and
The Souldier looke as they would quarrell:

Ho. Let 'em:
You see howv they pursue me still, but *Honor*
Is not so easily obtain'd.

Ing. They are
Gay creatures, and conspicuous in the world.

Ho. But no such miracles: Gentlement, you promise
Some spirit in you, ther's no way to make
Me confident of your worth but by your action:
In brieft, if you be ambitious of *Honor*,
You must fight for me, and as fame shall give me
Your character, I shall distinguish you,
And cherish worth: meane time I take my leave.

Come,

A Contention

Come, *Ingenuity*, you and I must have
Some private conference, I dare trust your bosome
With some thing of more weight.

Ing. I am then happy,
When you command me service.

Ho. And I keepe
A Register of all, and though delayd,
Forget not the reward. *Exeunt Honor, Ing.*

So. Hark, Master *Cringe*,
How d'ee like her sentence? If you meane
To have *Honor* you must fight for't: no toild speeches,
Nor crinckling in the hannes will carry her,
You have worne a sword thus long, to shew the hilt,
Now let the blade appeare.

Co. Good Captaine *Voyce*,
It shall, and teach you manners, I have yet
No Ague, I can looke upon your buffe,
And *punto* beard, and call for no strong waters,
I am no Taverne gull, that wants protection,
Whom you with oathes doe use to mortifie,
And sweare into the paiments of all reckonings,
Vpon whose credit, you weare belt and feather,
Top and top gallant, and can make him seale
At mid-night to your Taylor, goe invite
Young Gentlemen to dinner, and then pawne 'em,
Or valiantly with some of your owne file,

for Honor and Riches.

Conspire a Sconce, or to a bawdy-house
March with your Regiment, and kicke the Leverets,
Make cullice o'the Bawdes, yet be made friends,
Before the Constable be sent for, and
Run to'the ticket for the pox, these services,
I doe presume, you are acquainted with.

So. Musk-Cat.

Co. Or wert thou what thou seem'st, a Soldier,
For so much good I wish thee for my honor,
When I have kil'd thee.

So. Sirra Civet-box.

Co. Let me aske your Souldier ship but one cold
question,

If Lady *Honor*, whom you have presum'd
Without good manners to affect, should possibly
Descend to marry thee, prethee what joynture
Couldst thou make her?

So. Ioynture?

Co. Ile admit for arguments sake,
Thou art a Souldier, perhaps
You will give her a Catalogue of Townes,
Or Leaguers, the names of bridges broken downe,
Your nose in time may make another, you will tel her
Of onslaughts, Bulwarks, Barricado, Forts,
Of Cannon, Culvering, Sacres, and a rabble
Of your Artillery, which you have cond by heart,

A Contention

A role of Captaines names, perhaps you have
In ready wounds, some twenty idle, admit it,
And in diseases can assure her forty,
This wo'not doe, she cannot eate a Snapfacke,
Nor carry baggage, lie in your foule Hut,
And roste your pullen, for whose precious theft,
You and the Gibbet feare to bee acquainted,
If you returne into your wholesome Country,
Vpon your honorable wooden legs.
The houses of correction are no Palaces,
And Passes must be had, or else the Beadles
Will not be satisfied, the Treasurers name
And twelve-pence for your service i'th Lowcountries,
And spending of your blood for doughty Dutchmen,
That would have hãg'd you there, but in their charity
You were reserv'd for beggery at home,
Is no inheritance I take it fir.

So. Have you done yet?

Co. I have not much more to say.

So. It does appeare by all this prattle then,
You doe not know me, and have ta'ne too much
On trust to talke of Souldier, a name
Tha't not deserv'd to mention, because
Some fellowes here, have brag'd, and perhaps beaten
You, and some other of your fatten Tribe,
Into believe that they have seene the warres,

That

for Honor and Riches.

That perhaps mustered at Mile-end,
Or Finesbury. Must the true sonnes of courage,
Be thus dishonor'd, and their character
Defac'd by such prodigious breath? must we,
We that for *Honor* and your safeties suffer,
What in the repetition would fright
Your pale soules from you, when perhaps you foot
A jigge at home, and revell with your Lady,
Be thus rewarded! Happy they that dyed
Their Country sacrifice, to prevent the shame
Of living with such popular drones, but I
Should wrong our glorious profession
By any Arguments, to make thee sensible
Of what we are: it shall suffice to publish
What is not now in ignorant supposition.
But truth, of your gay quality and vertues,
You are a *Courtier*.

Co. Very good.

So. Not so.

If such there be, I talke not to them now,
But to thee Phantasme, of whom men doe doubt
Whether thou hast a soule, thou that dost thinke it
The better and more gratefull part of thy
Religion, to weare good clothes, and suffer
More paines at buttoning of thy gawdy doublet,
Then thou durst take for heaven, thou hast devided

A Contention

Thy flattery into severall articles,
And hast so often called your great men goods,
That tis become thy Creed, and thou dost now
Beleeve no other, thou w'ot take a bribe,
To undoe a Nation, and sell thy Country-men
To as many persecutions as the
Devill: thou art beholding to thy pride, it has
Made thee thy owne selfe-lover, for without it,
None else affecting thee I doe now see,
What else could keep thee from despaire & drowning?
Thy wantonnesse has made thy body poore,
But not in shew, for though thy back have payd for't,
It weares rich trappings; Art may helpe your legs,
But cannot cure your dancing: that and pepper,
Avoid with like discretion, one betraye you
At dinner, and the other betweene meales.
Goe purchase lands and a faire house, which must
When thou livest in it be an Hospitall,
And owe no other body for diseases.

Co. Pray come, and take a chamber.

So. Thou hast ignorance
And impudence enough for twenty Alchymists.

Co. Ile heare no more.

So. A little, Ile intreat you,
You shall be beaten afterward, ne're feare it.

Co. Dar'st thou blaspheme the Court?

for Honor and Riches.

So. I honour it,
And all the Noble ornaments of State,
That like Pomegranats in old *Aarons* coate,
Adorne the Prince that wears 'em, but such Courtiers
That coozen us like Glow-wormes in the night,
Or rotten wood, I hate, and in their number
For this time be content I list your worship.

Co. How do you know what I am, or what title
Perhaps I weare?

So. I know thee by the wrong
To Souldiers.

Co. I speake of such as thou wert, and I dare
Maintaine, and write as much in thy owne blood.

Enter Honestie.

Co. Dost thou not see, *Honestie*?

So. *Honestie*? what hast thou to do with *Honestie*?

Co. I never could endure her, she appeares
More terrible then a ghost, I ha no stomacke
To fight, my blood is frozen in my veines,
She is a thousand punishments at once:
Now would I give my Office to be at peace
With mine owne conscience, ha, she do's pursue me?

So. These are idle imaginations, collect
Your selfe, good *Courtier*, and remember what
Wee are to doe, or I shall, ha.

A Contention

Enter No-pay.

Co. Whats the matter, more terror?

So. I am cold too.

Co. Another apparition.

So. You may know him by a jaw-faln, tis *No-pay*.

And what a comfort *No-pay*'s to a Souldier,
I appeale to a Councell of warre, the Devill is not
So full of horror, *No-pay*? Ile not fight
A stroke, though I were sure to cleare the Empire.

Exeunt.

Enter Citizen and Country-man arm'd.

Get. Our weapons length are even, but youle find
There is such ods betwixt us, nought but death
Can reconcile our difference.

Clod. Deny your major. I thinke I heard a Schol-
ler use that word against *Bellarmino*. I, Ile stand too't:
for if nought but death, can reconcile our difference,
we must be both kild: no, prepare thy selfe, I hope to
send thee to heaven, and be farre enough off ere Sun-
set: if thou hast made thy Will, let them prove it
when thou art dead, and bury thee accordingly, thy
wife will have cause to thanke me, it will be a good
hearing to the poore of the Parish: happy man by his
dole, besides, the Blue-coates can but comfort thy
kindred with singing and rejoycing at thy Funerall.
Come on thy wyes.

Get. Y'are

for Honor and Riches.

Get. Y^e are very round, *Clod*, I doe not thinke you have practis'd Fencing of late, this is a weaapon you are not us'd to, a Pitch-fork were more convenient for you to manage.

Clo. A Pitch-fork? Thou shalt know thy destiny by this, though it have but one point. I know where thy heart lies, I desire no more, and lesse would satisfie me, unlesse thou wilt eate thy words, and confesse thou hast wrong'd me, out it shall, I have a stomacke to cut thee up, and my sword has a pretty edge of it selfe, and my greatest griefe is, that I owe thee nothing, to discharge all together, but tis no matter, I can but kill thee.

Get. You cannot, sure: for ought I see in your countenance, you are not long-lyv'd your selfe, you have but a tallow complexion, doe you know what ground you stand upon, *Clod*?

Clo. Ground?

Get. You may tread upon your grave now, for all this blustering.

Clod. Thou liest, there's more to provoke thee: no, I came not hither to dye, and I wo't not be buried at any mans discretion, my father was buried i'the Country, and my grand-father, and his father before him, and if I live, Ile bee buried there my selfe: but what doe we lose time? looke to thy head, for I will
make

A Contention

make an even reckoning with thy shoulders presently.

Enter Foule-Weather-in-Harvest.

Ha, hold, alas, I wo't not fight, I ha no heart to lift up a weapon.

Ge. You were fire and tow but 'een now.

Clo. But here's water. Dost not see? I shall be undone.

Get. Who is this?

Clo. Why, tis *Foule-Weather-in-Harvest*, all spoil'd, I wo't not have thy heart now, and thou wouldst gee't me.

Get. Tis well, something will coole you, after so much thunder, but it wo't not quench the fire of my anger. I doe not use to put up these things, when I am drawne too't, your *Foule weather* is nothing to the businesse in hand, therefore submit thy necke to my execution, or——

Clo. Kill me: Ile forgive thee, I shall have no *Harvest* to yeere.

Enter Long-Vacation.

Get. And thou hadst as many heads as *Hydra*——
Ha, Ile not hurt a Hare, I am frighted this is my heart, you had not so wet, but we are like to have as dry a time on't, I stood upon tearmes before, this is *Long-Vacation*.

Clo. Long-

for Honor and Riches.

Clo. Long-Vacation?

Get. I dream'd of a dry Summer, he will consume me, it will be a thousand yeeres till Michaelmasse. Prethee let's be friends, for my part I have no hope of *Riches*.

Clo. And I but little, and this yweather hold.

Enter Riches.

Here she comes.

Ric. Where be these friends of mine? Alas, what Meane you? I am faint with seeking you to stay your fury:

For I was told your bloody resolutions.

You should be a man of government, are these

The ensignes of the City? will you give

Without the Herald in your Armes, a Sword

To the old City Dagger? you weare a Gowne

Embleme of peace, will you defile your gravity

With Basket-hilt and Bilboe? And you bold Yeoman,

That like a Riecke of hay, hath stood the shooke

Of Winter, and grew white with snow of age,

Is this an instrument for you?

But I am confident that you will say, tis love

Of me hath brought you to the field, and therefore

To prevent future mischief, I determine

Here to declare my selfe; but first conioyne

Your loving hands, and vow a constant friendship.

A Contention

Then one of you Ile choose my husband.

Get. By our seven gates that doe let in,
Every day no little sin,
By the sword which we aduance,
And the Cap of Maintenance :
By the Shrieves post, and the hall,
Ycleped Guild, and London wall,
By our Royall Change which yeelds
Gentile ware, and by More-fields,
By our thrice burnt famous Steeple,
That doth over-looke the people,
Cheapeside Crosse, and loud Bow-bell,
And by all that with it well :
I am friends with him till he dies,
And love him like my liberties :
So helpe me *Riches*, what I speake :
The Citizen will never breake.

Ric. What say you?

Clo. By my Carr, and by my Plough,
My dun Mare, and best red Cow,
By my Barne, and fattest Weather,
My grounds, and all my state together,
In thy love I over-take thee,
Else my whistling quite forsake me,
And let me ever lye, which worse is,
At racke and manger with the horses.

Ric. Then

for Honor and Riches.

Ric. Then Master *Clod*.——

Clo. Ha, ha, with all my heart, am I the man?

Ric. The man I must intreat to have some patience.
I doe imagine you affect me dearly,
And would make much of *Riches*.

Clo. There's no Lady
That shal out-shine my Darling: tis no matter, though
I be in Russet all the weeke, *Riches* shal live like a La-
dy, have perfum'd linnen, costly Gownes, and Pe-
ticoats worth taking up, and as the fashion is; I will
put thee into a bagge.

Ric. This wo't not, sir, agree with your condition,
To keepe me brave: the Country Cut must be
Observ'd.

Clo. Hang Country Cuts! Doe but marry me.—

Ric. But this is not my exception; there is more
That interdicts our marriage: for though you
Are willing to conceale it, Master *Clod*,
Yet you and I are kindred, at least cousins.

Clo. Why, is not your name *Riches*?

Ric. Though my name
Be *Riches*, yet my mother was a *Clod*,
She married rich earth of America,
Where I was borne, a durty family,
But many matches have refined us now,
And we are called *Riches*.

A Contention

Clo. If you were borne in America, wee are but kindred a faire off.

Ric. Let us not confound our Genealogies.

Clo. I would be loth to marry an Infidell borne, and yet I like your complexion so well, that

Ric. No, I am reserv'd for thee, And here I plant my best affection.

Get. Welcome to my heart.

How I doe love thee, *Riches*. O my soule,

We'll marry straight as bus, and quicke as thought.

Ric. And thus much for your comfort. Nay, droope not, *Clo.*, though I be wife to him,

Yet if *Honny* *Get.* *Riches*, he be thine, And carry London with us into th' Country.

Clo. After this rate you are my wife in Law. Well: give you joy.

Get. Me thinks I fumble my gold chaine already. But who are these?

Enter Courtier and Souldier

Co. No Honor to be found.

So. Let us inquire Of these. Did any see the Lady *Honny*?

Get. What care we for Honor, so we have *Riches*?

Co. Ha? I have beene acquainted with this Lady.

Ric. I was at Court the last weeke, sir.

Cour. I remember.

for Honor and Riches.

Sol. I ha seene her some-where too.

Ric. I ha beene a Traveller.

So. Were you never taken by the Hollander?

Ric. I was in the Plate-fleete.

So. *Basen los manos Signiora.*

Ric. I have almost forgot my Spanish; but after a little practice I may recover it.

Clo. I know not *Honor* if I see her; I have heard of such a Lady; ten to one; but *Riches* can direct you to her.

Ric. I apprehend your desires, sir, & will direct you.

Co. I am your servant, Lady.

Ri. But first, *Mr. Gettings*, know these Gentlemen.

Ge. They are in my books already, pray Gentlemen, Know my Commodities, when I ha married *Riches*, I shall be better able to furnish you.

Co. We wish you joy.

So. And shall remaine your debtors.

Get. I make no doubt.

Co. But here's the Lady whom we enquire for.

So. She has musicke to attend her.

Musicke. Enter *Honor* and *Ingenuity*.

Ha! the Scholler?

The case is alterd. Is not that *Ingenuity*?

Co. How familiar they are! I hope they'r not married.

A Contention

Cl. Is this Madam Honor?

Co. So, Lady.

Ho. Gentlemen,

I come to reconcile your difference,
I did foresee you desperate in love,
And prompted, I confesse your swelling valours
To fight for me, but upon second thoughts.
I cancel'd that opinion, and devis'd
A way to settle all things without danger:
This Gentleman late my servant, *Ingenuity*,
Hath remov'd all occasion of your further
Courtship, and now won me for his Bride.

Co. Married the Scholler? despis'd.

So. Affronted.

Ho. You are passionate.

You could not both possesse me, yet in him
Your excellencies meet, and I enjoy e'm.
He can be Courtier and a Soldier
When the occasion presents it selfe.
He that hath learn'd to obey well, can command.
Nay, be not sad, if you lov'd me, expresse it
In your Congratulations. Here I fixe
My selfe, and vow my best affection.
If in the number of my friends, I may
Write you, be confident you sha' not lose
By your respect to Honor. Lady Riches,

I hope

for Honor and Riches.

I hope there is no Antipathy in your nature,
But you may smile upon a Scholler now
Married to Honor.

Rich. Since you have so advanc'd him,
He shall not want my favour.

Ing. Now I am confident.

Co. We must obey our destiny. Since Fate
Meant me not so much happinesse, to be
The husband, let me still be humble servant
To Honor.

So. My desires have the same ambition.

Co. and *So.* Joyes crowne your marriage!

Ing. Now you both denide me.
But in this Empire I can brooke no Rivall.
Be all my honor'd guests, and with one feast
And revels celebrate our double marriage.

Co. And here our love unites. Pardon what language
My passion threw upon thee: I acknowledge
A Soldiers worth above the reach of malice.

So. My heart shall spread to embrace the noble
Courtier.

Clod. Here's nothing but complement: you should
bring up a fashion to kisse one another.

Get. Tis such a dry *Clod*!

Ing. Correct your passions, sir, I am inform'd
You have beene guilty this day of abuse,

Against

A Contention, &c.

Against the noble Citizens, and traduc'd
Their yeerely Triumph.

Get. Twas his ignorance,
But we are friends again.

Ing. Then I ha done: Now Gentlemen and Ladies,
In the assurance all are pleas'd, let us
Ioyne in dance. Such mirth becomes a wedding.
Strike up some nimble aire.

They dance.

Ing. Thus all have seene how Providence imparts
Wealth to the City, Honor to the Arts.

Exeunt.

But in this Empire I can brooke no Rival.
Be all my honor'd guests and with one feast
And revels celebrate our double marriage.
And here our love united, pardon what language

FINIS.

A soldier's worth above the tears of malice.
My passion threw up a passion
The My heart shall breed to embrace the noble
Counter.

Lord, here's nothing but complement; you should
bring up a fashion to kill one another.
O, it is such a day!

Ing. Correct your passions, for I am inform'd
You have beene guilty this day of abuse.

Against

